

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE LAW-MAKERS OF RUSSIA: A SESSION OF THE SOVIET IN PETROGRAD.

Whatever charges may be made against the Bolsheviks in Russia, they cannot be accused of extravagance in personal attire, if this photograph of the Petrograd Soviet in session may be taken as typical. Most of the members are wearing the ordinary dress of the Russian peasant, while here and there may be noticed uniforms of soldiers and sailors. The general impression of the scene does not convey an air of great prosperity in a body of men who must be among the most favoured section of the population, nor can it be said that the expression

of the faces suggests contentment. News from Petrograd has been scanty of late. A recent report from Moscow stated that the Government offices there are now guarded by men of an international corps, 2000 strong, consisting largely of Germans, who drill and train the troops, but also including Hungarians, Italians, Frenchmen, and even some British ex-officers. The militarist party, it was also said, are fostering the idea of a new war on a large scale, though the present Soviet policy is to keep peace with Western Europe.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



THE Royal and Ancient Game threatens to become as controversial as theology, and we may expect the rise of an Orthodoxy of the Links, no less exclusive than that of the jarring sects. "The Ball great Question makes of Ayes and Noes," upsetting Omar's considered opinion, and here physical science intrudes with fine distinctions and formulæ that bring to the clubhouse fireside the atmosphere of the lecture-room. Once upon a time, golfers were content, after the game, to "tell each other how they did the holes," as R. F. Murray sang, and, if theory looked in at all, it had short shrift at the hands of the practical player. Professor Tait, you remember, proved to his class by mathematical law that a golf-ball could not possibly be driven beyond a certain distance; whereupon his son, that mighty performer, went out to the links, and with the unfilial logic of practice, clubbed his father's ideal record to foolishness. But now we decline on hair-splitting in vexed newspaper correspondence, theorist calling to theorist in decimal fractions, and the end is not yet.

It is refreshing, amid the clamour, to hear Vardon's sturdy championship of Orthodoxy on the question of the stymie. He is not afraid to deliver clear-cut dogma. "The stymie," he says, "is an integral part of the game, and should be kept as such." Were it to go, the literature of golf would, in time, require a footnote to explain a poem that should never stand in need of explanation. It was the provoking wile of the stymie that gave Andrew Lang his cue for "A Song of Golf and Life," that whimsical exposition of human tragedy and baulked endeavour, put into the mouth of a Scots divine—

I socht a kirk, a bonny kirk,
Wi' teind, an' glebe,
an' a';
A bonny vaird to feed a stirk,
An' links to ca' the ba'!
Anither lad cam' in an' fleeced—
A Convaritit U.P.—
An' a' in vain ma best I preached,
That jimmer stymied me!

It was the same in love: "Intil her heart I couldna pass: anither man lay deid." Curious that the Church, always a great upholder of a game that works off "that Mondayish feeling" so happily, should have protested the other day against the prominence given during Lent to a golfing discussion. One would rather have expected a resounding deliverance, inclining towards Orthodoxy, in support of a pastime so favourable to the welfare of Divinity, whose presence on the links is also in restraint of alleged tendencies to profanity there. Yet even here there is a stymie, if that be a credible story of the St. Andrews caddie who, asked where a Very Rev. Principal was to be found, replied: "He's ower yonder, tappin' the ba' an' sweerin' maist awfu'."

Baffling in all its aspects, the stymie is also a puzzle in the mere origin of its name. It is probably connected with the phrase "I can't see a styme," meaning, "I can see nothing at all," and with "styme," a glance or blink. Stymie is also a term for a blind man, and the blinding of an otherwise clear putt by the opponent's ball may very well account for the usage, although

the N.E.D. remains non-committal. The word has appeared in golfing treatises since 1842, in various forms—"stimey," "steimy," and, in the song quoted above, "stymie." "The thing they ca' the stymie o't, I find it ilka where." A bother it may be, but a sporting bother, and one that makes for what the Americans call "up-lift," moral and physical. The badly-stymied player, who holes out with a neat lofting shot, snatches a fearful joy. That, we take it, is at the back of Vardon's plea for the *status quo ante*.

If the literature of golf would suffer loss of lucidity by the passing of the stymie, that of another pastime has already received a sharp con-

out "clean, neat, and fresh-looking." If this be Mr. Kipling's doing, directly or indirectly, he must count the belying of his line an easy price to pay for having brought erstwhile "muddled oafs" to the state of grace that is reputed next to godliness. Perhaps he will respond with the "Ballad of the Blackburn Brummells."

When so many old traditions are attacked, it is reassuring to note the return to patriarchal methods instituted by the Mayor of Shoreditch. His Worship is "At Home" to his citizens every Wednesday night "to sign vaccination papers, pension papers, give general advice on the Rents Act, and other questions." The familiar invitation of "Your Mayor" has drawn thousands to seek his help. Mr. Girling, who must be a man of heroic endurance, has made his Town Hall a better sort of Cave of Adullam, "where everyone that was in distress and everyone that was discontented gathered themselves unto him," and where he performs for them the fatherly and kingly offices of advice and judgment discharged in happier days by Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, when he sat once a week beneath the Tree of Justice to hear the pleas of all comers. Descriptions of these Shoreditch audiences with their array of poor suppliants carry one back to the Arabian Nights, and that Sultan's divan before which Aladdin's mother appeared, not in vain. Here also there is perforce a little waiting, for the numbers are great; but the police, who represent at Shoreditch the Oriental mace-bearers, do their best to get everybody into the presence in turn. Where, however, 2000 applicants have to be interviewed in three hours, there must be some inevitable calling again, as in the Eastern fairy tale, but with the same ultimately happy reward of patience. The Mayor seems to have a right historical sense in thus adapting to modern uses the Saxon caldorman's functions at the folk-moot. Chaucer would have owned him "schaply for to ben an alderman."

This experiment in government comes into notice simultaneously with an odd testamentary attack on a master of political philosophy. What ailed the late Dr. Mercier at Aristotle that he banned the Stagrite so roundly in his will? Time was when Oxford set Duns Scotus metaphorically "in Bocardo" (i.e., in quod), and put his pages to the meanest uses. In 1535, Layton, the Commissioner, found "all the great quadrant of Christ Church full of the leaves of Dunce, the wind blowing them into every corner." And a gentleman of Buckinghamshire made *sewers* or *blanshers* of the same "to keep the deer within his wood, thereby to have the better cry with his hounds." On that incident an academic wit, now departed, remarked that, if the University Commissioners would set Aristotle and Messrs. Ritter and Preller in Bocardo, many a young gentleman out of Buckinghamshire and other counties would joyously help the good work. Can it be that Dr. Mercier was one of these, and that the sorrows of youth drove him to take this bitter revenge? Be that as it may, the testator, desiring to found a Chair of Rational Logic, but by the same act and deed barring the teaching of Aristotle, seems to have laid his project a very pretty stymie.—J. D. S.



GERMANY'S CHIEF REPRESENTATIVES IN LONDON: DR. SIMONS (SEATED), FOREIGN MINISTER AND CHIEF DELEGATE, AND HERR STHAMER, THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

The German delegates to the London Conference, headed by Dr. Simons, the Foreign Minister, arrived at Victoria on February 28, and were met by Herr Sthamer, the German Ambassador. They drove to the Savoy Hotel, watched by a silent crowd. Dr. Simons, who is by profession a lawyer, and is also a classical scholar of distinction, was formerly State Advocate and Judge in Westphalia. He was one of the German delegates at Brest-Litovsk in 1918, and sits in the Reichstag as a Democrat, but he has not previously held office. It was at the Spa Conference that he first became prominent. He is a native of Elberfeld, and is now about fifty-five.

Photograph by I.B.

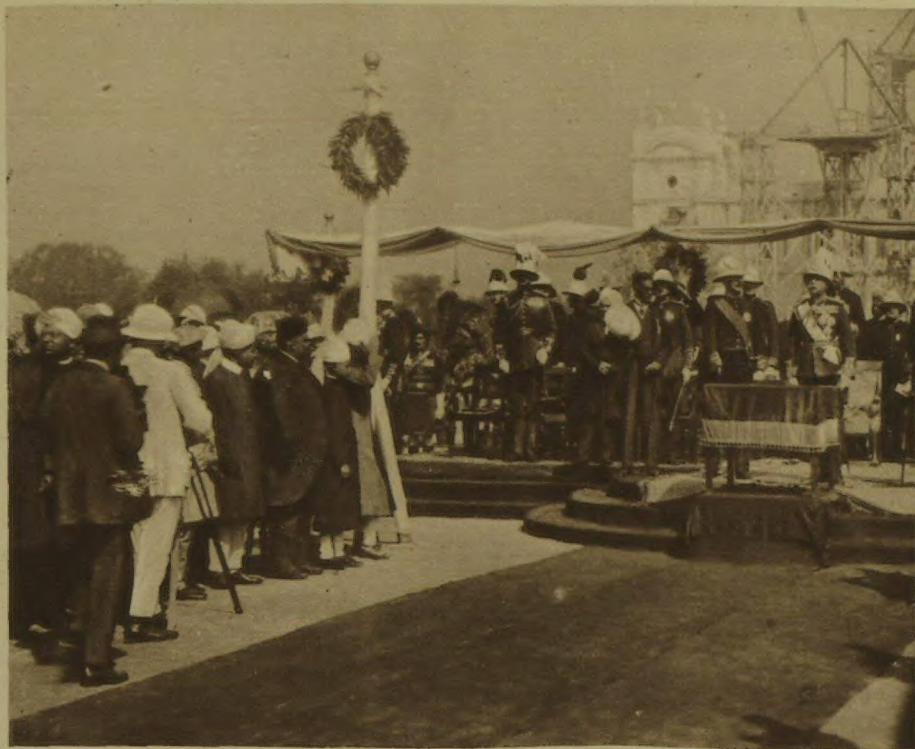
tradictory shock from modern practice. Mr. Kipling did not exactly conciliate football players when he described them as "muddled oafs at the goals." Perhaps it was by way of direct refutation that these athletes have now brought the cult of personal fastidiousness to a dandiical pitch, and that, according to latest Carmelite advices, they appear in the field "so prime, so ripe, so nutty, and so knowing," as Byron, anticipating modern slang, says in "Don Juan." They dress for the match with meticulous care, and groom themselves literally *ad unguem*, for finger-nails are manicured at the last moment. "Some men even go the length of shaving" in the pavilion; and a pocket-comb and mirror have been used on the field itself, if a chance arose. At half-time there is another "wash and brush-up." Not only at matches, but during training, the great players observe this D'Orsayism, and make it a point of honour to turn

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAUDE HARRIS, RUSSELL, WILLIE BURKE, LAFAYETTE, L.N.A., TOPICAL, C.N., AND SEARLE BROS.



KILLED BY SINN FEINERS:
MAJOR SEAFIELD GRANT, M.C.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN CALCUTTA: H.R.H. PRESSING A BUTTON
TO UNVEIL THE STATUE OF KING EDWARD VII



BURIED AT SEA: THE LATE
VISCOUNTESS FURNESS.



AUTHOR AND ART CRITIC: THE
LATE SIR F. WEDMORE.



THE FIRST AMERICAN TO BE-
COME A K.C.: MR. R. N. CRANE



THE OLDEST BRITISH GENERAL DEAD:
THE LATE LIEUT.-GEN. HENRY KENT.



RESIGNED OWING TO THE REINSTATEMENT
OF R.I.C. CADETS: BRIG.-GEN. CROZIER.



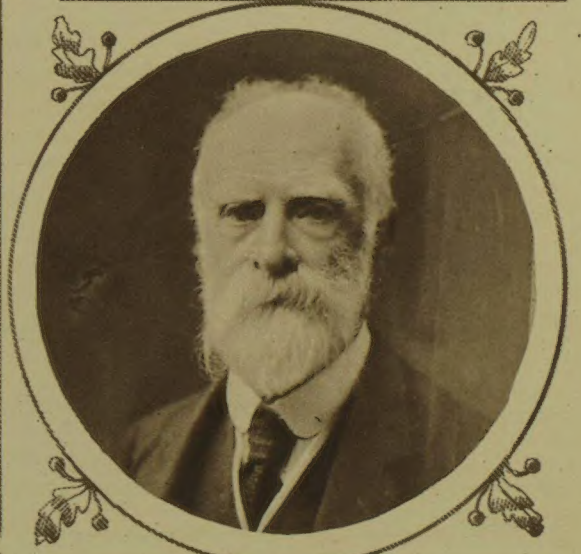
THE REINSTATEMENT OF DISMISSED R.I.C.
CADETS: MAJOR-GENERAL TUDOR.



WRITER OF A STRONG LETTER ON IRELAND TO
SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD: VISCOUNT GLADSTONE.



FOUNDER OF THE INSTITUT FRANÇAIS IN SOUTH
KENSINGTON: MME. BOHN, WITH HER HUSBAND.



A WEIGHTY CRITIC OF THE GOVERNMENT'S
IRISH POLICY: LORD BRYCE.

Major Seafeld Grant, who was killed on February 25, while commanding a force of seventy R.I.C. Cadets ambushed by five hundred Sinn Feiners near Macroom, had served with distinction in the war, and received the M.C. He was twenty-nine.—Sir Frederick Wedmore, the well-known author and art critic, was a frequent contributor to this paper.—The Duke of Connaught unveiled, at Calcutta, on January 29, a bronze equestrian statue of King Edward VII., surmounting a triumphal arch.—Viscountess Furness died suddenly on board the yacht "Sapphire," off Cadiz, on February 25, while on the way to Cannes, and was buried at sea. She had a serious operation last December.—Mr. R. N. Crane,

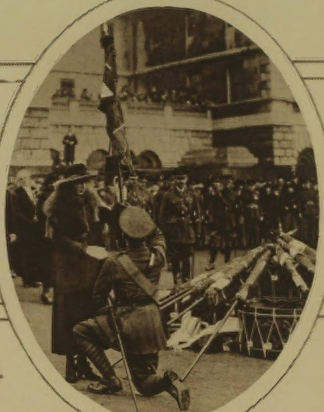
the first American to become a King's Counsel, took his seat "within the Bar," on February 25.—Lieutenant-General Henry Kent, who died recently at Wimbledon, was born in 1825. He served in the Crimea.—Brigadier-General Crozier resigned when twenty-five R.I.C. Cadets, whom he had dismissed, were reinstated by Major-General Tudor, Police Adviser to the Chief Secretary.—Viscount Gladstone and Lord Bryce strongly denounced the Government's Irish policy in important letters which appeared in the "Times" of February 25.—Mme. Bohn founded the Institut Français in Cromwell Gardens, inaugurated on February 26, when the French Ambassador referred to her as its "good fairy."

THE WEEK'S NEWS: TERRITORIALS; "RUGGER"; THE INSTITUT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, L.N.A., C.N., I.B., AND TOPICAL.



LONDON TERRITORIALS PRESENTED WITH NEW COLOURS BY PRINCESS MARY: THE BISHOP OF LONDON CONSECRATING THE COLOURS.



RECEIVING A COLOUR FROM PRINCESS MARY: THE 3/1st BATT., CITY OF LONDON REGIMENT



MODERNITY IN PRISON VANS: A MOTOR "BLACK MARIA" FOR USE BY THE CITY OF LONDON POLICE.



ANGLO-FRENCH FOOTBALL: THE R.M.A. "RUGGER" TEAM WHICH BEAT THE ÉCOLE POLYTECHNIQUE

FRANÇAIS; WESTERN FRONT PYRAMIDS; GERMANS AT DOVER.

DRAWING BY E. CLAIR-GEVOT FROM A MODEL BY M. MOREAU-VAUTHIER.



THE KING AT THE NAVY v. ARMY "RUGGER" MATCH: SHAKING HANDS WITH THE NAVY TEAM.



ARCHDEACON WAKEFORD'S PETITION TO APPEAL: SIR MARLAY SAMSON ADDRESSING THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.



THE GERMAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AS DELGATE: GENERAL VON SEECKT LANDING AT DOVER.



THE INSTITUT FRANÇAIS OPENING: (LEFT TO RIGHT, FRONT) SIR A. MOND, LORD ASKWITH, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, M. BÉRARD, LORD CRAWFORD, M. GUILLAUMIN.



"HERE WAS BROKEN THE ONSET OF THE BARBARIANS": A DESIGN FOR BOUNDARY MARKS ON THE 1918 WESTERN FRONT.



A CAUSE OF SCOTTISH PROTESTS: THE HILTON-OF-CADBOLL STONE (EIGHTH CENTURY), OFFERED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Princess Mary presented colours to Second and Third Line units of the London Regiment, Territorial Army, on the Horse Guards Parade, on February 26. A Guard of Honour was provided by the 2nd Batt. Grenadier Guards. The Bishop of London consecrated the colours, and among those present were General Gouraud, Sir L. Worthington-Evans (Secretary for War), General Jeffreys (Commanding the London District), and the Lord Mayor, who afterwards received the colours for safe keeping at the Guildhall.—The King and Prince Henry watched the Rugby football match between the Navy and Army at Twickenham on the same day, when the Navy won by 11 points to 10.—The Institut Français in Cromwell Gardens, South Kensington, was inaugurated on February 26. There were present the French Ambassador (Comte de St. Aulaire), M. Léon Bérard, French Minister of Public Instruction, and M. Guillaumin, Vice-President of the Paris Municipal Council.—Scottish antiquaries have protested against the removal from Scotland of an eighth-century relic, known as the Hilton-of-Cadboll Stone, offered to the British Museum. We reproduce a photograph of it by courtesy of the "Times."—Archdeacon

Wakeford's petition for leave to appeal against the judgment of the Lincoln Consistory Court was granted by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on February 28. The letters in our photograph indicate (A) Lord Buckmaster, (B) the Lord Chancellor, (C) Lord Dunedin, (D) the Bishop of London, and (E) Sir Marlay Samson, K.C., who appeared for the Archdeacon.—The Royal Military Academy beat the École Polytechnique in a Rugby football match at Woolwich on February 22 by 22 points to 3.—The German delegates crossed from Ostend in the "Jean Brydel" and landed at Dover on Sunday, February 27. General von Seeckt, the German Commander-in-Chief, represents the Ministry of War.—France proposes to mark the line on which the German advance was checked in 1918 by a series of boundary "pyramids," to be set up, at intervals, along the whole Western front from the North Sea to the Vosges. The French Touring Club is planning the scheme, with the approval of Marshal Pétain. Our drawing shows a model of the projected type of pyramids, by the sculptor, M. Paul Moreau-Vauthier.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THE greatness of John Keats as a poet and as a man has long ceased to be challenged. Nobody now believes that he was slain by a chance arrow of criticism. He was the most virile of lovers, as well as a born fighter, and, had he lived, English poetry might have been dominated for forty or fifty years by a personality as large and forceful as Victor Hugo's. Commenting on the failure of the late W. J. Courthope, that sturdy example of the academic critic, to appreciate Keats, Sir Sidney Colvin writes as follows in his indispensable biography—

He supposed that Keats was indifferent to history or politics. But of history he was, in fact, an assiduous reader, and the secret of his indifference to politics, so far as it existed, was that those of his own time had to men of his years and way of thinking been a disillusion—that the saving of the world from the grip of one great overshadowing tyranny had but ended in reinstating a number of ancient and minor tyrannies less interesting but not less tyrannical. To that which lies behind and above politics and history, the general destinies, aspirations, and tribulations of the race, he was, as we have seen, not indifferent but only too tragically and acutely sensitive.

Character is destiny in literature as well as in

Three contributions stand out above the rest in "THE JOHN KEATS MEMORIAL VOLUME" (John Lane; 25s. net), which has been issued by the Keats House Committee to help to raise the £1500 still required for the purchase of the famous house and garden in Keats Grove, where the poet imagined and wrought some of his most exquisite poems. It is a little oasis of peaceful charm, haunted by the earliest of the winged songsters, and I thought, visiting it during a spell of bright, gentle, genial weather, that even if Keats had never lived there, it would be a sad loss to allow the spot to be covered by a huge block of flats. Indeed, I hope the £1500 needed will be soon raised, in spite of my belief that a better way of paying homage to the memory of this poet who never grew old—"Age cannot weary him nor the years condemn"—would have been to found a travelling fellowship for some young poet in the making, so that he might have a period of care-free leisure (in Rome, for choice) for perfecting his art in the company of many an august presence in shining singing-robes, among them Adonais himself. The younger generation was not at all interested in the plan actually adopted of transferring a little museum of Keats relics to the poet's former habitation—the young men think, with some show of reason, that the living temples of

poetry—i.e., the oft-starved bodies of the Muse's apprentices—are of more account than treasured letters even from "that warm scribe, my hand," and mere bricks and mortar. But Mr. Thomas Hardy's beautiful and wistful poem finally sanctifies this plan of saving the Keats House, and we must all work for it now. Mr. Hardy imagines the poet drawn thither, to his not unhappy Hampstead, and wonders what his ghost would do at seeing more changes wrought on the misty hill once his home than in the Rome of his secular sepulchre. Having himself seen both the farther and the nearer habitation, Mr. Hardy meditates as follows—

Where the Piazza steps incline,
And catch late night at eventide,
I once stood, in that Rome, and
thought,
'Twas here he died."

I drew to a violet-sprinkled spot,
Where day and night a pyramid
keeps

Uplifted its white hand, and said,
"Tis there he sleeps."

Pleasanter now it is to hold
That here, where sang he, more of
him

Remains than where he, tuneless,
cold,
Passed to the dim.

Surely we must all bend to the behest of our greatest living poet, who has as one quality of his greatness the profound acquiescence that lies behind "Adonais" or the "Ode to the Grecian Urn," and as others that vivid exactitude and sad earnestness, Greek rather than Roman, to which neither Keats nor Shelley could yet reach in the brief tale of their far-shining years!

Next in importance to Mr. Hardy's poem is Mr. Bernard Shaw's essay, which, under his usual egotism and flip-flap wit of a high-brow comedian, exhibits a keen sense of the abiding worth of Keats's poetry and of the man's strong sweetness and sanity. Even his worst lines, Mr. Shaw points out, have nothing "minor" about them; they are as brazenly bad as Shakespeare's

In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

which he once accused Miss Ellen Terry of improvising to hide a lapse of memory (frequent with that incomparable actress), so incredible did it seem that Shakespeare should have perpetrated it. In his vein of paradox, Mr. Shaw acclaims Keats as the first of the Marxians (because of the three-stanza indictment of the brother merchants in "Isabella" which, as we are



WHERE KEATS WROTE HIS "ODE TO A NIGHT-INGALE": THE POET'S HOUSE AND GARDEN AT HAMPSTEAD, ACQUIRED AS A MEMORIAL.

The house at Hampstead where Keats lived from 1818 to 1820, and wrote much of his best work, has been bought as a national possession and permanent memorial. About £1500 more is needed to complete the purchase price, and gifts may be sent to Sir Sidney Colvin, Hon. Treasurer, the Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3.

From a Photograph by Mr. G. W. Howard in "The John Keats Memorial Volume." By Courtesy of Mr. John Lane.

told, "contains all the Factory Commission Reports that Marx read, and that Keats did not read, because they were not yet written in his time." But Mr. Shaw ends on a note of blithe commonsense when he praises the geniality of Keats, a quality rare indeed among major poets. Professor Ernest de Sclincourt's Warton Lecture is another memorable thing in this abundant treasury of remembrance, and it should provoke many readers to acquire "THE POEMS OF JOHN KEATS" (Methuen; 12s. 6d. net), by the same authority, of which a new and revised edition has just appeared: For beauty of form and printing, "POEMS OF KEATS: AN ANTHOLOGY" (Cobden-Sandersen; 8s. 6d. net), is unsurpassed, but I cannot forgive the anthologist for omitting "In a Drear-nighted December."



HOW KEATS SAW "THE MOVING WATERS AT THEIR PRIEST-LIKE TASK": THE BRIG WHICH TOOK HIM TO ITALY—TO DIE.

John Keats and his friend, Joseph Severn, the artist, sailed from London for Naples, in the sailing brig, "Maria Crowther," on September 18, 1820. Keats died in Rome on February 23, 1821, and his centenary has just been celebrated.

From a Drawing (the Original in Colour) by Joseph Severn, in "The John Keats Memorial Volume." By Courtesy of Mr. John Lane.

Bright Star, would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Damsel,
The moon, my water at her priest-like task
Of pure ablutions round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen masses
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Mellowed upon my fair love's upturning breast,
To feel for ever its soft swell and fall,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever or else swoon to death.

WRITTEN BY KEATS ON THE DORSET COAST DURING HIS VOYAGE TO ITALY: THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF HIS LAST POEM.

The "Maria Crowther" was delayed by adverse winds in the Channel, and took a month to reach Naples. On the way Keats landed in Dorset and wrote the above sonnet, his last poem.

From an MS. Reproduced in Facsimile in "The John Keats Memorial Volume." By Courtesy of Mr. John Lane.

living, and we do know that Keats, had he not been slain by a deadly disease and a consuming love-passion, would have had the moral power and intellectual industry to write the greatest poetry of all. "Hyperion," his mighty exercise in the Miltonic art of versification, has disillusionment for its atmosphere, and is otherwise so striking a protest against the ideal of poetry as sheer, sensuous word-music that we feel sure it marks the transition to the literature cleared for action which can only be written by those

Who love their fellows even to the death,
Who feel the giant agony of the world.

Despair and disillusionment, however, were only a momentary mood with Keats, even when dying—for he gave Death the lie to the last, outfacing his icy presence and keeping warm the anxious ambition he expressed in a letter to his friend and publisher—

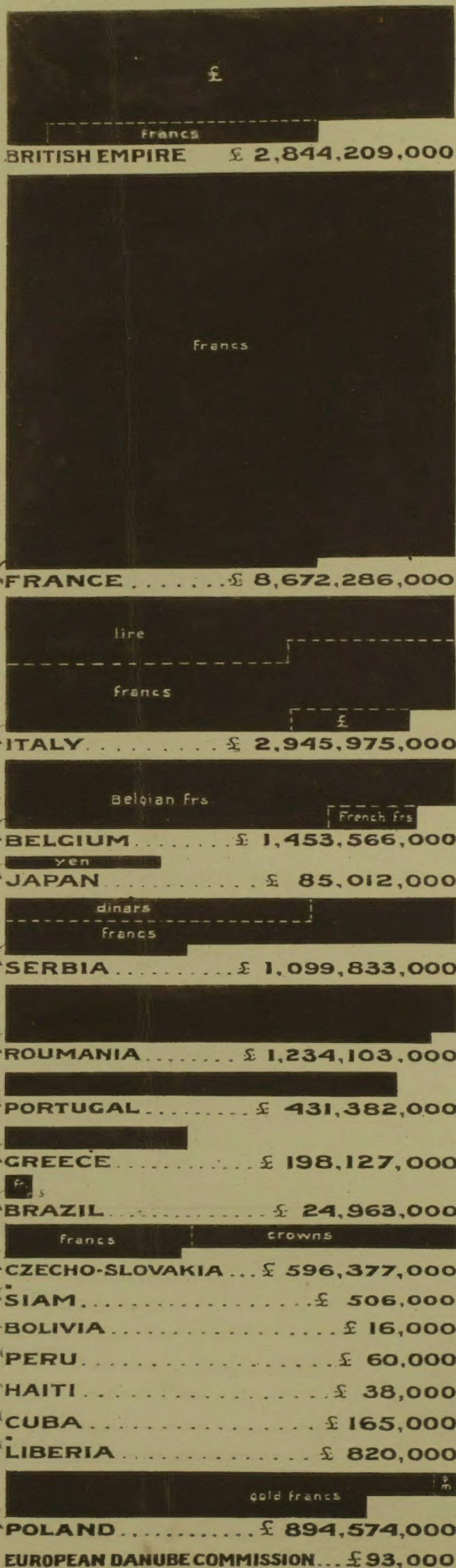
I wish to diffuse the colouring of St Agnes' Eve throughout a form in which Character and Sentiment would be the figures to such drapery. Two or three such poems, if God shall spare me, written in the course of the next six years would be a famous *gradus ad Parnassum altissimum*. I mean they would nerve me up to the writing of a few fine plays—my greatest ambition.

Had he lived, we must have had a dominating Victorian personality in letters, who would have been something between a second Shakespeare and an English equivalent of Victor Hugo. With robust health, he might have turned the whole tide of Victorian poetry, so much of which, through Rossetti, William Morris, and W. B. Yeats, derives ultimately from such other-worldly fantasies as "The Eve of St. Agnes" and "La Belle Dame sans Merci."

THE WAR BILL AGAINST GERMANY: ALLIES' CLAIMS FOR REPARATIONS.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.

CLAIMS OF THE ALLIED AND ASSOCIATED POWERS.



DETAILS OF CLAIM BY THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

☐ £ 7,936,456 for damage to buildings, furniture, State property &c

☐ £ 763,000,000 Shipping losses

☐ £ 4,000,000 River craft

☐ £ 24,940,559 Special damages abroad.

£ 1,706,800,000

PERSONAL DAMAGE (a) to (f)

(a) and similar compensations. Military pensions

(b) £ 301,000,000 (Francs 7,597,832,086) Separation Allowances.

(c) £ 35,915,579 Pensions awarded to civil victims of the war and interested parties

(d) £ 95,746 for bad treatment inflicted on civil and military prisoners.

(e) £ 12,663 for assistance furnished to prisoners of war and their families.

(f) £ 6,372 for inadequate wages.

FRANCE (DETAILS)

£ 1,542,957,200

DAMAGE TO PROPERTY (a) to (g)

(a) Industrial damage

£ 1,463,988,095

(b) Damage to Building Property

£ 996,805,555

(c) Damage to Household Goods.

£ 859,981,993

(d) Damage to Landed Estates

£ 77,707,031 (e) Damage to State Property

£ 102,511,882

(f) Damage to Public Works

(g) Other damage.

£ 198,794,394

Shipping losses

SPECIAL

Algeria Colonies

£ 83,000,000 Abroad

£ 163,690,476 Interest at 5 percent on the principal (33 milliards in round figures), from Nov. 11, 1918, to May 1, 1921 (roughly 30 months)

£ 2,382,765,714

PERSONAL DAMAGE (a) to (c)

(a) Military Pensions and compensations of the same kind

£ 513,371,303

(b) Grants to families of the mobilised.

(c) CIVIL (1 to 5) —

(1) £ 20,415,277 Pensions granted to war widows and dependents.

(2) £ 74,175,794 Bad treatment of civilians and prisoners of war

(3) £ 38,766,111 Aid given to prisoners of war and their families.

(4) £ 8,854,100 Insufficient Wages

(5) £ 50,302,220 Exactions by Germany to the detriment of the civilian population.

ITALY (DETAILS)

(a) £ 61,156,000 Industrial damage

DAMAGE TO PROPERTY (a) to (e)

£ 270,247,000

(b) Damage to Building Property

£ 201,428,000

(c) Damage to Household Goods

£ 237,930,000

(d) Damage to Landed Estates

(e) £ 58,914,000

Damage to Public Works

£ 128,000,000

Shipping Losses

£ 1,231,789,000

(a) Military Pensions and compensations of the same kind.

PERSONAL DAMAGE (a) to (c)

£ 273,220,000

(b) Grants to families of the mobilised

£ 482,274,000

(c) Civil damages

BELGIUM (DETAILS)

£ 330,027,000

Industrial Damage

£ 851,478,000

Damage to Landed Estates

£ 44,972,000

Military Pensions &c

£ 7,330,000

Shipping losses.

£ 29,283,000

Grants to families of the mobilised

£ 19,688,000

Bad treatment of civilians and prisoners of war

£ 13,902,000

Aid given to prisoners of war and their families.

£ 5,714,000

Insufficient Wages

£ 131,172,000

Exactions by Germany to the detriment of the civilian population.

SHOWING THE RELATIVE AMOUNT OF DAMAGE CAUSED BY GERMANY TO ALLIED AND ASSOCIATED POWERS: DIAGRAMS BASED ON CLAIMS MADE TO THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION.

Our Artist has shown here, in diagrammatic form, the claims against Germany presented to the Reparations Commission by the various Allied Governments, and recently published by the Commission in a statement dated February 12. The amounts have been converted into English money at the nominal (not the current) rates of exchange. At the current rates, of course, they would work out much higher. The figures given are approximate. The black blocks in the left-hand

column represent the relative amounts claimed by the different countries. In the right-hand column are details of the British, French, Italian, and Belgian claims. The diagrams are drawn to scale, and the total area of the blocks in the right-hand column, under any one country, equals the block representing the same country's claim in the left-hand column. At the Paris Conference, the Allies decided to demand £11,300,000,000, spread over forty-two years.—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

ALTOGETHER, the general depression affecting investments has not put a palsied hand on the collecting world. Real collectors collect to their dying day.

"Do you remember the brown suit which hung upon you till all your friends cried shame, it grew so threadbare, and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden?" writes the inimitable Elia. At Christie's, on Feb. 17, a small collection of French

atmosphere, master of his craft, and delineator of incident which is not nineteenth-century story, but real eighteenth-century genre subject—an artistic mirror held up to his age with all Hogarthian gruesomeness omitted. In mezzo-tints, at the same sale, "Mrs. Crewe," by Watson, and "Dr. Johnson," by Doughty, both after Reynolds, and both in first states, appealed to the connoisseur.

The same firm, on the 2nd, sold some fine silver, the property of Lady Mary Carbery, of Castle Freke, including some notable examples of Irish silver. Irish designs are always intriguing. (We hope we use this word, beloved by writers, in a proper sense.) A silver tea-kettle, of a

spherical shape, engraved with masks, foliage and strapwork, on a tripod-stand with lamp, was of the days of Dean Swift, the moody exile in Ireland. It belongs to the period when he wrote of his lady friends of passing tenderness, who would—

Receive the news in
doleful dumps,
The Dean is dead. Pray
what are trumps?
The Lord have mercy
on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for
the role.)

A tea-kettle, by W. Townshend, Dublin, about 1750, is another fine Irish piece, on tripod-stand with lamp, chased with flowers and scroll-work. A two-handled cup and cover is of the date 1693, three years after the Battle of the Boyne, when William of Orange defeated James, who fled to France. It was the hand of France

behind Ireland in those days. Another William III. tazza, with elaborate scroll mantling and cut card-work, of 1696, has the maker's mark, "S. H."

John Lloyd, of Dublin, had three chamber candlesticks and twelve fine table candlesticks, with Corinthian-column stems on square plinths, in date 1773, just when the Adam influence was at its height in Dublin. A Queen Anne monteith, with mask handles, by Francis Garthorne, 1707, is of the date of the Union of Scotland with England. On the following day, Messrs. Christie sold an interesting William III. walnut cabinet, inlaid with pollard walnut and boxwood border, and a fine pair of old English cut-glass candleabra for three lights, with Wedgwood pedestals in blue-and-white jasper.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson sold, on the 4th, a collection of engravings, of which the most notable were "Morning" and "Noon," by H. Gillbank, after Wheatley, finely printed in colours.

Messrs. Sotheby, on the 8th, have a fine sale of etchings, together with old and modern drawings and oil-paintings. In regard to etchings, there is a field for perspicacity in connoisseurship. Augustus E. John has "The Serving Maid" and others; Mulholland Bone, "Piccadilly Circus in War-time, 1915"; the late Anders L. Zorn, two portraits; Whistler, a fine series, including some cancelled etchings; Norman Hirst, T. G. Appleton, and H. Scott Bridgwater are represented.

Méryon has two examples, and Legros, with his "La Mort du Vagabond" and "La Solitude," goes not unremembered. A Rembrandt black chalk drawing on buff paper of a man with a beard was once in the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The stupendous dispersal, by Messrs. Sotheby, on March 10 and 11, of the residue of the Britwell Court Library, the great Christie-Miller collection, will attract all bibliophiles. Mainly sixteenth and seventeenth-century rarities are here displayed. The collection has occupied one man's lifetime. It will take the lifetime of many scholars to read them; that is if, happily, they fall into the hands of scholars. There are so many examples where the copy is believed to be the only one extant, and so many others where only one other is known, that one wonders if literature is to be enriched by this dispersal. We love the "Soules Solace," by Thomas Jenner; or "Thirtie and One Spirituall Emblems in Verse," 1631, first edition, with thirty-one engravings, one showing the poet Withering sitting smoking a pipe. We desire to possess the fine black-letter, in bold character, of Edward Goshynhyll: "Here begynneth a lytle booke named the schole house of women: wherein every man may rede a goodly prayse of the condicions of women," 1541—the only copy known, so that the esoteric law here contained is lost to the world in this limited issue. Giles Fletcher's "Licie or Poemes of Love," 1593, has the signature of George Steevens, as has also "Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601, the Comedie of Pasquill and Katherine mentioned in 'Alls Well that Ends Well,' Act III., Scene 6, once attributed to Shakespeare." Steevens was the Puck of Shakespearian commentators. He set gins for his contemporaries. He invented the Upas-tree fable, as to the deleterious exudations of this noxious tree killing all within its region. But he deserves notice as having trounced Malone, that impious vandal, his contemporary, who whitewashed the coloured bust of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. In this sale, an unknown author comes forward with his "Garland of Greene Witte, Discovering the Constancy of Calipolis—A precious spectacle for Wanton Wives, fit to be read of all sorts if opportunity serve. Printed for William Kirkham and sold at the little North door of St. Paule's Church at the sign of the black boy, 1595." The work consists of a novel interspersed with verse.



ENGRAVED BY H. GILLBANK AFTER A PAINTING BY FRANCIS WHEATLEY: "RUSTIC HOURS: MORNING"—A FINE COLOUR PRINT.

The two examples here given were among the most notable items in the Sale of Engravings and Drawings at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on March 4.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson.

furniture realised £17,000, and a Louis XV. library table brought 3000 guineas. A choice collection of engravings of some 160 lots was sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on Feb. 18 for £1600, an average of £10 per lot. On the same day, Messrs. Knight, Franks, and Rutley sold some fine Persian rugs and carpets shipped from Batoum; one silk-bordered carpet with crimson ground, designed in animal masks and foliage, only 12 ft. by 8 ft., brought £100. At the same sale, a Queen Anne bureau and a similar bookcase brought 115 guineas and 100 guineas respectively. Recently, at Messrs. Robinson and Fisher's rooms, a pastel, by Russell, of "Miss Reid," brought 500 guineas. On Feb. 24, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson were selling old English silver, including a pair of George II. table candlesticks with octagonal bases, maker's mark "W.K. 1737"; and a George II. loving-cup, Newcastle, 1758. On the 25th, the same firm sold Chinese porcelain of a high average, culminating in a fine oviform vase enamelled with phoenix and other birds and flowers, with a river-scene, with boats and figures in circular, square, and fan-shaped panels on powder-blue ground *famille verte*, which sold for £409. On the same day at Christie's a Turner drawing, "Derwent-water," brought 2300 guineas. At Christie's, on March 1, a series of English engravings, together with some fine aquatints, came up. Collectors, if they be wise, will find in coloured aquatints something surprisingly beautiful. Aquatint is an art which stands between the over-estimated colour-prints of the eighteenth century and the modern revival of coloured mezzotints, coloured etchings, and coloured wood-blocks (which are all a contradiction in terms). Mezzotints included "Sophia Western," after Hoppner, early proof, with ear-rings; and "Almeria" (Mrs. Meynott), after Opie, both by J. R. Smith; "Horatio Nelson," by W. Barnard, open letter proof after L. F. Abbott. Colour prints came forward in fine states—"Nurse and Children" and "A Party Angling," by G. Keating; "The Farmer's Stable"; "The First of September," morning and evening, a pair; and also "The Thatcher," all by W. Ward; "Fox Hunting," a set of four, by E. Bell; "The Power of Justice" and "The Triumph of Benevolence," a pair, by J. Dean; and "The Industrious Cottager" and "An Idle Laundress," by W. Blake, are all after George Morland, the inimitable spacer of



AFTER THE PAINTER OF "THE CRIES OF LONDON": GILLBANK'S ENGRAVING OF WHEATLEY'S "RUSTIC HOURS: NOON"—A COLOUR PRINT.

Francis Wheatley, R.A., from whose work these engravings were made, was born in London in 1747, and died in 1801. He painted the well-known "Cries of London."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson.

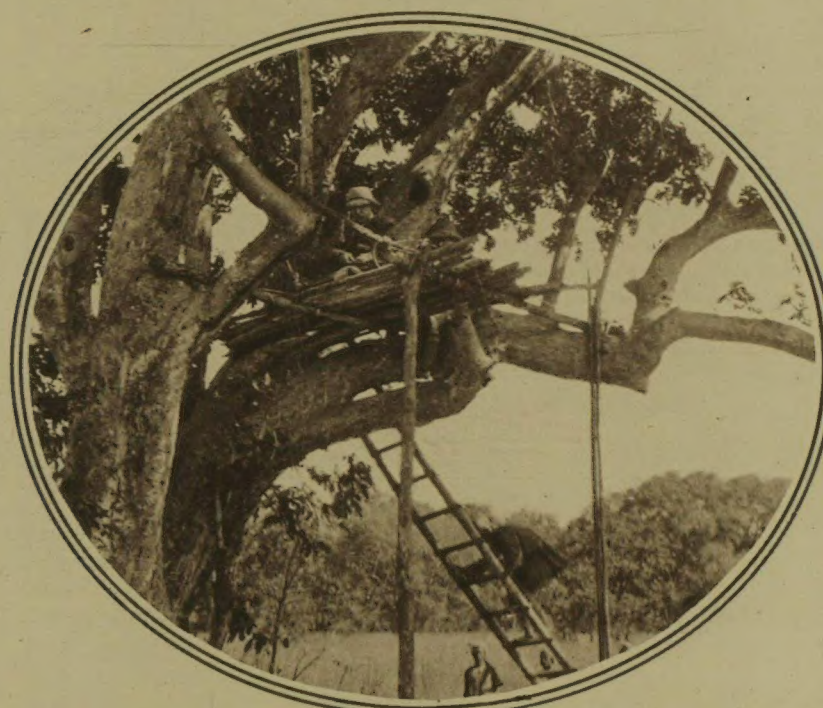
Another unique book is "Here follyeth a lyttel translation of the Beauty of Women newly translated out of the Frenyshe into Englyshe," which comes from the Heber library; and from the same library comes "The Flea," by Peter Woodhouse, with only one other copy known, in the library of Lord Spencer. William Blake, that wild genius, who drew the ghost of a flea, would have found inspiration in this rare volume.

A ROYAL TIGER SHOOT: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN INDIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIE BURKE.



STANDING BY HIS FIRST TIGER DURING THE TRIP: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND HIS "BAG."



READY FOR ACTION: THE DUKE POSTED ON A TREE-PLATFORM IN THE MUKI JUNGLE, WAITING FOR TIGERS.



ON A QUIET SPORTING TRIP BETWEEN ARDUOUS OFFICIAL FUNCTIONS IN INDIA: THE DUKE LUNCHING IN CAMP AT MUKI.



SHOWING A FINE SAMBUR (A KIND OF ANTLERED DEER MUCH HUNTED IN INDIA): SHOT BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT (STANDING IN THE CENTRE OF THE GROUP): THE ROYAL PARTY, WITH BEATERS AND BEARERS AND TWO ELEPHANTS.

As a rest from official functions, and a means of recovery from the slight indisposition which affected him on the voyage to India, the Duke of Connaught spent a few days quietly in camp at Muki, in the Central Provinces, in the latter part of January. While there he enjoyed some big-game shooting, including tigers, as shown in our illustrations, and the open-air life had a good effect on his health. His official tour has been a great success, his genial presence and wise and statesmanlike speeches making a deep impression on the Indian people. He

arrived at Madras on January 10. After the shooting trip at Muki he went on to Calcutta, and made a state entry into that city on January 28. On February 9, at Delhi, he carried out the main purpose of his visit, the inauguration, on behalf of the King-Emperor, of the two new representative Indian Chambers—the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly. The Duke's speech on that occasion was a memorable utterance. On February 21 he arrived at Bombay, of which city he said that he did not know a more beautiful sight in the world.

Wonders of Little-Known Central Africa.

No. I.—THE NEW MOON CEREMONIES OF BUNYORO. By the Rev. JOHN ROSCOE.

BUNYORO is a district in the Uganda Protectorate lying to the north of the Equator, and between 30 and 35 degrees longitude. One of the interesting ceremonies of Bunyoro which has fallen into disuse owing to the spread of Western civilisation, and to the fact that the King and chiefs have become Christians, is that of the New Moon.

The people are a pastoral people; nothing in life matters in comparison with the welfare of the cows and their supply of milk. Thus the sun, casting his shafts of red glow in the morning, roused the men to milk; then, through the day, the herdsmen knew how to manage their herds in the pastures, to take them to water or to return to milk them in the evening, by the angle at which the sun's rays fell upon them. As the sun was the daily time-keeper, so the moon marked months for them, and played an important part in the domestic life of the people: it was by the number of moons they knew when to expect the births of calves, and to regulate their duties in the kraals.

Each new moon was eagerly awaited and welcomed with festivities into which all classes entered. The King, who was supposed to be able to arrange and govern all things, was the centre of attraction; all eyes were turned to him to order the festivities. Near the entrance gate of his enclosure he had a mound, upon which a priest stood and watched for the first glimpse of the moon when it was expected. Around the mound crowds of people gathered with the royal band, composed of drums and wind instruments. The King sat on his throne until the priest let him know that the moon was visible, whereupon he rose, and, coming to the door of the throne-room, he raised his hands to heaven and gave his blessing upon land and people. When the blessing was given, the priest made a sign to the band, and the drums and music began to resound throughout the land.

During the next seven days these musical instruments continued to sound by day and by night before the throne-room. The musicians were not allowed to leave in a body for rest or for food until the ceremonies were ended: one by one they retired for meals or sleep and returned to relieve others. The King himself had to keep long hours, sitting where he could be seen and admired by his subjects. Dancing with songs continued during the festive season.

To a Western ear, the music sounds barbarous, and lacks anything approaching harmony, but to the

savage mind there are rhythm and beauty, and, what is more, such a regularity and sequence of sound that the hearer detects mistakes in what appears to be a mere conglomeration or medley of noise.

From time to time dancing ceases while some new episode is brought upon the scene; it may be a man steps forth and stands before the King and wishes him a long life, and assures him of the loyalty of his subjects; or it may be the

again, the memory of the silence produces an effect of mystery.

During the morning of one of the festal days there is usually a solemn procession made by the King to a private courtyard in which he meets his guild of notable chiefs, there to bestow pardon upon any member who may have offended, or to condemn him to death. The path along which the procession moves is carpeted; and three men, each holding a spear aloft, with a fourth bearing an instrument like a hoe with a bag of seeds attached to it, back before the advancing King until he reaches a hut, into which he passes. There are seven such huts, separated from each other by a small enclosure; the King passes through these into the last courtyard, where the chiefs of the Sacred Guild have assembled to await him. Each chief wears a special robe of bark-cloth, and his crown of office. Into this courtyard no other person is allowed except the two or three men who belong to the body-guard.

The King advances to a royal rug under a canopy, and stands with his back to the fence facing the chiefs. He wears a royal bark-cloth of rich brown colour on which are traced geometrical patterns with blood taken from the arms of princesses or favourite wives, who have painted these and presented the robe

to his Majesty. When the King has taken his stand under the canopy, he gives the signal for the offending member of the Guild to be brought before him.

The man is brought by a companion who supports his trembling frame. If the King extends his hands, and allows the man to put his lips to them, he is pardoned and restored to favour; should he be refused this honour, and told to retire, he realises that death awaits him. When the ceremony is over, the King returns to the throne-room to the festivities, while the chiefs leave by their private entrance and return to their homes to disrobe.

During the night large fires light the scene for the music and dancing to continue. The King provides meat and beer for the guests during the festivities.

At the end of seven days the band proceeds to the enclosure of the King's mother, where there is dancing for one day and night; and after that it goes to the chief medicine-man for a day and night. After this the men retire to their homes for rest and to prepare for the next festival.



WEARING FALSE BEARDS AND CROWNS OF OFFICE: A BUNYORO KING AND TWO CHIEFS IN CEREMONIAL DRESS.—[Photograph by the Rev. John Roscoe, M.A.]

King has to perform one of his priestly offices in connection with the milk ceremonies. During the ceremony of drinking the sacred milk there must be silence, when for a few moments the band ceases, and the crowds kneel with their faces buried in their hands. The silence, after the roll of drums and the roar of songs, is most impressive; it seems incredible that silence could be thus enforced within a few seconds. When the noise of drums and music begins



BUNYORO PRINCESSES DANCING IN HONOUR OF THE NEW MOON: A PERFORMANCE RESTRICTED TO WOMEN OF ROYAL BLOOD.—[Photograph by the Rev. John Roscoe, M.A.]

NEW MOON CEREMONIES IN UGANDA: PICTURESQUE BUNYORO RITES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE.



WITH SPEAR-BEARERS BACKING BEFORE HIM: THE KING (ON THE LEFT) STARTING FOR THE COURT TO SENTENCE OR PARDON OFFENDERS.



AS IN ANCIENT ROMAN AUGURY: TAKING OMENS FROM THE INTESTINES OF A FOWL.



OMENS FROM WATER: A PRIEST POURING FLUID INTO WATER-POTS SET IN THE GROUND.



INCLUDING "AN INSTRUMENT LIKE A HOE WITH A BAG OF SEEDS ATTACHED TO IT": BEARERS OF THE SACRED SPEARS.



"WHEN THE BLESSING WAS GIVEN . . . THE DRUMS AND MUSIC BEGAN TO RESOUND": THE DRUM BAND FOR THE BUNYORO NEW MOON CEREMONIES.



PARDONING AN OFFENDER BY GIVING HIS HANDS TO KISS: THE KING AS JUDGE.

The picturesque New Moon ceremonies of Bunyoro, in Uganda, are described in the article on the opposite page by the Rev. John Roscoe, the well-known explorer, who recently returned from leading the Mackie Ethnological Expedition to Central Africa. His account explains the photographs given above. He mentions that the festival has now fallen into disuse, owing to the spread of Western civilisation and Christianity. Describing the augury by water, he says: "A number of pots, usually nine, are made of clay, and while the clay is still soft

they are embedded in the earth up to their brims, and filled with water. The medicine-man kneels before a pot and washes his hands, using a piece of clay as soap. When he has made the water a thick muddy colour, he takes a pot of fluid and allows a few drops to fall into it. This at once clears the water. If it clears with star-like shapes, the omen is good, but if it separates into small globules, it is a bad omen. To confirm the oracle the whole nine pots are treated in this way."

THE NEW MOON AS HERALD OF NEW MILK:

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL



A FESTIVAL THAT REQUIRES A BAND TO PLAY SEVEN DAYS AND NIGHTS
WHOSE ADVENT IS ANNOUNCED BY A PRIEST

The pastoral people of Bunyoro, in Uganda, as the Rev. John Roscoe tells us in his article on a previous page, are mainly concerned in the welfare of their cows and the supply of milk. "It was by the number of moons they knew when to expect the births of calves," and the coming of the new moon was formerly the occasion of a ceremony recalling Biblical allusions, notably "Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast day." As the time approached, a priest or herald stood on the top of an artificial mound outside the royal enclosure, facing the King's hut, surrounded by a group of musicians with trumpets and drums. Directly the priest had the first glimpse of the new moon, he signalled to the King, who came out of his hut—that is, his throne-room—raised his hands, and gave his blessing to the

AN EVENT WHICH TIMED THE BIRTHS OF CALVES.

SUPPLIED BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE.



WITHOUT CESSION: A BUNYORO CEREMONY—THE KING HAILING THE NEW MOON,
FROM A MOUND NEAR THE ROYAL HUT.

people and the land. The priest then made a sign to the musicians round him on the mound to begin, and the royal band gathered inside the enclosure with drums of diverse sizes and trumpets also began their music, which did not cease for seven days and nights. Our picture shows the King, after issuing from his throne-room on the left, raising his hands in blessing. Across the threshold is an elephant tusk, which none but the King might walk over. Other people, on entering, had to make their way round it. The priest on the mound is seen with his hand still raised as a signal to his musicians to strike up. The royal band, which stood ready before the throne-room, then followed suit and the noise began. Fires lighted near the different huts in the royal enclosure added a weird effect to the twilight scene.—[Drawing Copyrighted to the United States and Canada.]

CLAD IN ROBES PATTERNED WITH BLOOD OF PRINCESSES

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE, LEADER OF THE



FOR PARDON OR DEATH: A BUNYORO CHIEF WHO HAS OFFENDED BROUGHT BEFORE THE

The King of Bunyoro is an autocrat among his people, with the power of life and death. During the New Moon ceremonies, described by the Rev. John Roscoe in an article on a previous page, he gives judgment upon offenders in a private courtyard before the chiefs of the Sacred Guild: "Each chief wears a special robe of bark-cloth, and his crown of office. Into this courtyard no other person is allowed except the two or three men who belong to the bodyguard. The King advances to a royal rug under a canopy, and stands with his back to the fence facing the chiefs. He wears a royal bark-cloth of rich brown colour, on which are traced geometrical patterns with blood

OR FAVOURITE WIVES: A BUNYORO KING AS JUDGE.

MACKIE ETHNOLOGICAL EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.



KING IN THE COURT OF THE SACRED GUILD, DURING THE NEW MOON CEREMONIES.

taken from the arms of princesses or favourite wives, who have painted these and presented the robe to his Majesty. When the King has taken his stand under the canopy, he gives the signal for the offending member of the Guild to be brought before him. The man is brought by a companion who supports his trembling frame. If the King extends his hands, and allows the man to put his lips to them, he is pardoned and restored to favour; should he be refused this honour and told to retire, he realises that death awaits him. When the ceremony is over, the King returns to the throne-room to the festivities." In the case here illustrated, the offender was pardoned.



CENTRE OF A NEW WORLD POLICY: WASHINGTON'S "GLITTERING CAPITOL," FROM THE PARK—A FAMOUS ARTIST'S IMPRESSION.

World-wide interest was aroused by the statement that Senator Harding, the President-elect of the United States, would announce his future international policy in his inaugural address at Washington on March 4. What that policy would be no one could tell for certain in advance, for the new President, while listening to every expression of views, kept his own counsel and declined to commit himself beforehand.—[FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL. COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.]



THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES, NOW UNDER A NEW PRESIDENT: THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, THE DOME, FROM PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.



WHERE THOSE WHO SHAPE AMERICAN POLICY PASS IN AND OUT ON PUBLIC BUSINESS: THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, AS SEEN BY A FAMOUS ARTIST.

The great dome, 225 ft. high, is the central feature of the Capitol at Washington. The whole building cost £1,200,000, and no country has a statelier seat of government. Washington was chosen as the capital of the United States in 1790, and the administration moved thither from Philadelphia in 1800. Other drawings of it by Joseph Pennell appeared in our issue of Nov. 22, 1920.—[FROM LITHOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH PENNELL. COPYRIGHT IN U.S. AND CANADA.]



ONE OF THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD: THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, FROM THE LIBRARY, DRAWN BY A FAMOUS ARTIST.



A BUILDING TOWARDS WHICH THE EYES OF THE WORLD HAVE LATELY BEEN TURNED: THE FACADE OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, WHERE THE PRESIDENT-ELECT ARRANGED TO DELIVER HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

The Capitol at Washington, all in white stone and marble, and crowned with a dome supporting a bronze figure of Liberty, is one of the most magnificent public buildings in the world. It is in the Classical style, and measures 753 ft. in length by 354 ft. in width. A Corinthian portico occupies the centre of the facade, as shown above. The Senate Chamber is in the northern wing.—[FROM LITHOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH PENNELL. COPYRIGHT IN U.S. AND CANADA.]

THE HAUNTS OF LIFE:

II.—"THE OPEN SEA."

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University.

THE shore is a narrow shelf, crowded and changeable; the open sea is spacious, with room for all, and, apart from storms, tending to uniformity. The open sea, or pelagic haunt, includes all that lies beyond the seaweed-bearing tract, but it is restricted to the upper waters which are well lighted by day.

To understand the life of the open sea, one must picture what Sir John Murray called the "floating sea-meadows"—vast tracts of water thickly peopled by minute Alge, such as Diatoms. These utilise the energy of the sunlight to build up the simple materials of air, water, and salts into complicated substances like starch, on which minute animals then feed. Of almost all animals it must be said that they can feed only on what is living, or has been living, or has been made by something living; but green plants feed on what is not living—air, water, and salts.



FIG. 11.—ONE OF NATURE'S "DRIFTERS": A JELLY-FISH FLOATING IN THE TIDE.

The jelly-fish throbs with tentacles round the edge, and has four frilled arms streaming from its mouth, all bearing countless stinging-cells.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson from Material supplied by Professor J. Arthur Thomson.

Therefore, in tracing the circulation of matter we must always begin with the plants. The naturalists at the Plymouth Biological Station have shown that the abundance of mackerel depends on the abundance of the minute, free-swimming crustaceans called "water-fleas," or copepods, whose abundance, again, depends on the abundance of Diatoms (and certain minute Infusorian animals) in what we may call the "sea-soup." There is a succession of incarnations—Diatom or Infusorian, copepod, mackerel, man; and so the world goes round. This is important practically, for on the abundance of the floating sea-meadows depends, in large measure, the success of the fishing industry in northern seas. In some parts of the sea there are great sargasso banks of floating seaweed (Fig. 9); but while these support a characteristic set of animals that play hide-and-seek among the fronds, they are not nearly so important as the meadows of very minute plants which, along with minute animals and floating eggs, form the stock of the sea-soup.

The animals of the open sea are divided into the active swimmers (technically called the Nekton), and the drifters, or easy-going swimmers (technically called the Plankton). Good examples of the energetic swimmers are the whales (Fig. 1), the petrels, the sea-snakes, the herring, the flying-fishes (Fig. 2), the squids, and some of the prawn-like crustaceans. Some of them appeal to us strongly as conquerors of the pelagic kingdom. Thus, the whales are not only the giants of modern times and the most muscular of all animals; there is a note of victory (which man alone silences) in the vast distances they cover, the speed at which they swim, and the depth to which they can dive. They take the biggest breaths of all animals and remain longer under water than any other lung-breathers. Similarly, the stormy-petrel (Fig. 8) is at home in the open sea, skimming swiftly near the waves, with its long legs dangling and its toes pitter-

pattering on the surface. It does not come to land except to nest, and even then it is elusive, arriving in lonely places at dusk and leaving at dawn. The nestling gets such a large crop-full of oily food that it seems able to fast during daylight hours.

A fine example of the insurgence of life is to be found in the family of sea-skimmers (Halo-batidae), which run along on the surface of the sea, often a hundred miles from land. They are wingless insects, related to the water-measurers of our brooks. When it is stormy they sink below the troubled waters. They appear to feed on floating dead animals, and another interesting point is that the mother insect has been seen carrying her eggs about with her after they have been laid.

Among the higher animals of the open sea must be included some of the turtles; not the edible turtle, perhaps, which is a vegetarian, and must, therefore, keep for the most part to shore haunts, but the carnivorous Hawksbill (Fig. 10) and the Loggerhead, which is occasionally found on our coasts. The Leathery Turtle, which occurs sparsely in most warm seas, is a pelagic giant, for it may be six feet long and weigh a ton. All these come to the shore to lay their eggs in the sand, which is almost enough to prove that they are the descendants of land tortoises. The same land origin holds for the very poisonous fish-eating sea-snakes, so well represented in the Indian Ocean, which show an interesting fitness in the flattening of the tail, and sometimes of part of the body as well. Thus they have an oar-like blade, well suited for striking the water. A foundation for some of the sea-serpent stories is almost certainly to be found in the Oar-fish or Ribbon-fish (Regalecus), a silvery fish, flattened like an oar, sometimes over twenty feet in length, which may swim with an undulatory motion at the surface, or occasionally, when attacked by some enemy, shoot itself in agony for several feet above the surface. (See front page of our issue of Feb. 19).

The drifters may be illustrated by the "sea-butterflies" (lightly-built sea slugs on which whalebone whales (Fig. 1) delight to feed), hundreds of kinds of small crustaceans, numerous worms like the living transparent arrow called Sagitta, complicated colonies like the Portuguese Man-of-War and the sail-bearers (Velella) (Fig. 3) often seen in the Mediterranean in fleets stretching for miles. More familiar are jellyfishes (Fig. 11), often borne into shallow water and left stranded in thousands.

These drifters are suited to the open-sea haunt in being lightly built. Some have long, projecting processes like catamaran spars, which make sinking almost impossible (Fig. 6). Others are buoyed up by gas reservoirs; and many floating eggs, like those of sardines, have a large oil-globule which makes them buoyant. The delicate comb-bearers or sea-gooseberries, like Beroë, are very characteristic open-sea animals, and their particular fitness is that, whenever there is a hint of a storm, they sink. They then swim low and feel nothing.

What is meant by a special fitness or adaptation is beautifully illustrated by the Floating

Barnacle (*Lepas fascicularis*). A barnacle is a fixed crustacean of low degree. It begins its life as an active, free-swimming, pinhead-like creature (Fig. 4); it feeds, grows and moults; it becomes another kind of larva which exhausts its energies and fixes itself by its head to a floating log, or to the hull of a wooden ship—it may even be to the tail of a sea-snake. Now, the particular kind which we are calling the Floating Barnacle often fastens itself to a small piece of seaweed—it may be to a feather or a wooden match. Its shell is very lightly built, with little lime, and this is well suited to such a creature that fixes itself to a light float. But in spite of its lightness of shell, the Floating Barnacle often becomes too heavy for its float, and begins to drag it below the surface. What, then, does the creature do—we wish we understood it better—but make a somewhat gelatinous, roundish buoy containing bubbles of gas? (Fig. 5) This self-made buoy enables it to continue floating on the surface.

Hunger is much in evidence in the open sea. The baleen whale rushes through the water engulfing countless open-sea creatures in the huge cavern of its mouth. The albatross often makes so large a meal that it is unable to rise from the water. But there is love as well as hunger on the open sea, and no better example could be found than the paper nautilus or Argonaut (Fig. 7). The female, which floats on the surface (not to be confused with the Pearly Nautilus, which belongs rather to the shore haunt), makes for the protection of the eggs what may be well called the most beautiful cradle in the world. Another fact must be included in our picture of the open sea—that it is the nursery for the young stages of many shore-animals (Fig. 12). The eggs of the shore-crab hatch into free-swimming larvae (Fig. 13), which are borne out into the safe open waters; they feed, grow, and moult; they turn into another form of larva; eventually they become like minute crabs and climb up the sloping shelf to share in the strenuous life of the shore.



FIG. 12.—A SHORE "WATER-BABY": A MINUTE TRANSPARENT SEA-CUCUMBER LARVA (EARLY STAGE).

Drawn by W. B. Robinson, from Material supplied by Professor J. Arthur Thomson.

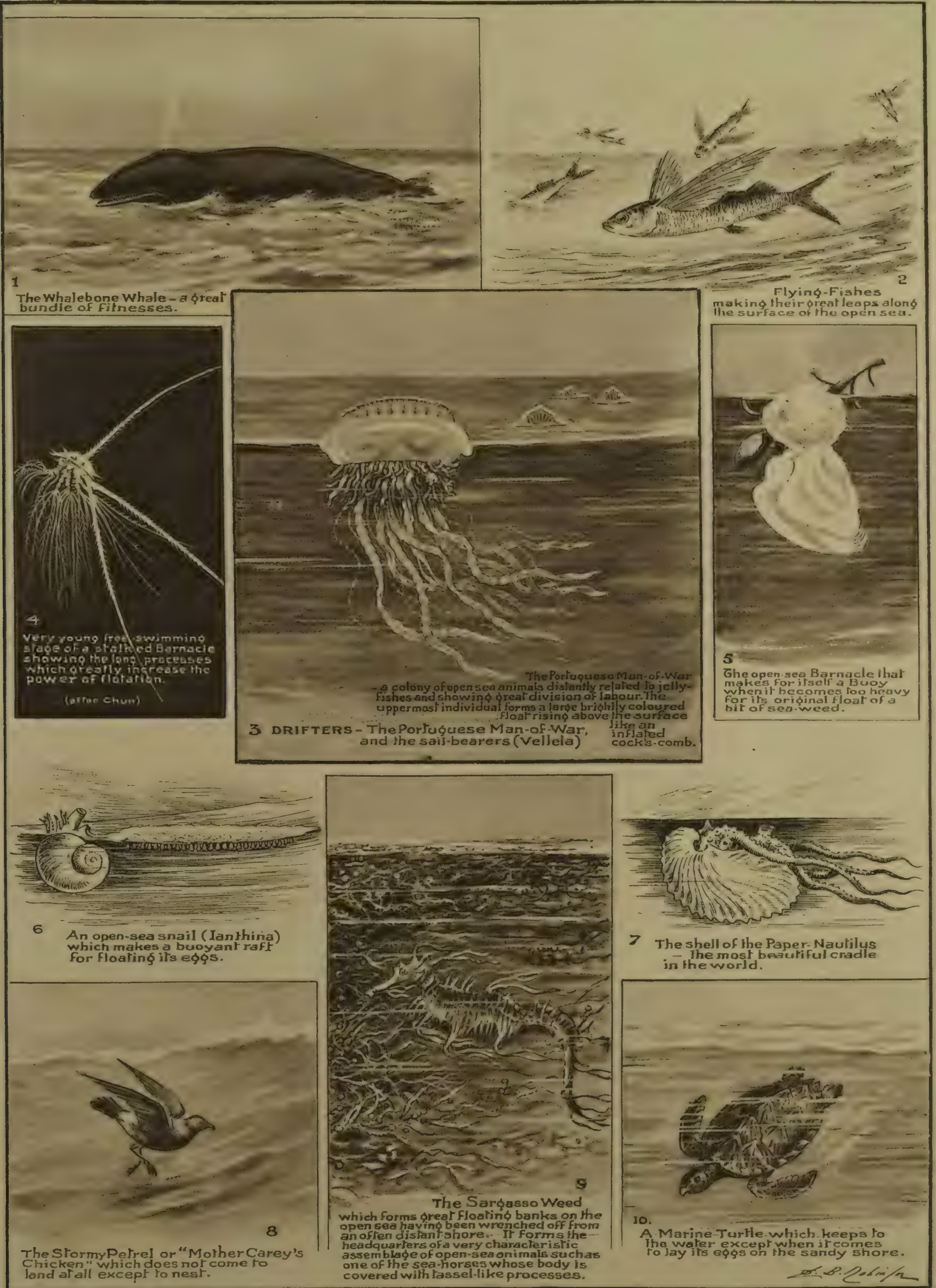


FIG. 13.—YOUNG STAGES OF THE SHORE CRAB: (LEFT) "ZOEA"—THE CYCLOPS STAGE; AND (RIGHT) MEGALOPA—THE PRAWN STAGE.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson from Material supplied by Professor J. Arthur Thomson.

HAUNTS OF LIFE: NATURAL WONDERS OF THE OPEN SEA.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS LECTURES.



II.—THE OPEN SEA: CREATURES DESCRIBED IN PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S SECOND LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

We continue on the opposite page the series begun in our last issue (for February 26) of Professor Thomson's abridgments of his highly popular lectures on "The Haunts of Life," given recently at the Royal Institution. The first one dealt with "The School of the Shore"; the second takes us to "The Open Sea" and the marvellous creatures, great and small, which inhabit it. "The shore," as Professor Thomson points out, "is a narrow shelf, crowded and changeable;

the open sea is spacious, with room for all, and, apart from storms, tending to uniformity. The open sea, or pelagic haunt, includes all that lies beyond the seaweed-bearing tract, but it is restricted to the upper waters, which are well lighted by day." The Oar-fish or Ribbon-fish (the origin of many "sea-serpent" stories), to which the Professor refers in this week's article, was illustrated on the front page of our issue of February 19.—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

HERE is a rare chance for a young man with ambition and artistic taste. The other day I talked to a manager of a great hotel not a thousand miles from Piccadilly Circus. "Well, how are things?" said I. And he replied: "Things are not what they were; we have plenty of room for more company, and I am on the look-out for a new idea to draw people to my hotel—a splendid one, is it not?" "Splendid indeed," I admitted; "and I have a splendid idea for you, which will fill your coffers and be the talk of London." His face suddenly beamed like a city in illumination. "What is this philosopher's stone?" "A Cabaret!" I exclaimed. "A real high-class, poetic, musical, terpsichorean Cabaret, such as is the boast of every great European city except our London." The argument waxed animated and fervent. The pros and cons flew across the room: my aim was to convince him that a former effort in the West End did not count for anything at all. It was started by a woman of great talent, but who did not quite understand London values and

popularity is achieved neither by a good Press nor in printed form, but by the lips of the people. Success at the cabaret means that one may be sung into glory, and that from there to the Odéon and the Comédie Française, *il n'y a qu'un pas*. Did not Maurice Donnay, to name one of the great, start at the Chat Noir under the aegis of that quaint grand-seigneur-cabaretier, Rudolphe de Salis, who received crowned heads as if he were a king and they mere lieges? Did not Donnay spring from the Quartier de la Butte to the Cupola of the Académie Française via the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, and the Comédie Française?

"Yes; but in London—" my interlocutor tried to stem my flood of enthusiasm.

"In London!" I exclaimed. "Why should we not have in London what Paris can offer? Ask Frank Rutter, with his phalanx of the young men of Art and Letters in his vanguard; ask the editors of the 'Varsity magazines, of the Chelsea Revues; peep into the Poetry Shop in Marylebone and see the stacks of songs panting to be sung. As for music, just broach the idea to Theodore Holland, to Howard Carr, to 'That' Tate, to Mark Hambourg, and to Max Darewski; I just pick at random among 'Savages' and other brethren of lyre and lute. As for dancing, just ask Ruby Ginner, Italia Conti, and Florence Etlinger what they could do if in the centre of London they had a little temple of art where they could reveal the burgeoning talent bursting with ambition in their academies. Why, London is literally chock-a-block full of potential cabaret talent. Nor need we stop there. What about the Magic Circle, with its wizards and its high priests of the occult, thought-reading, transmission? What about the painters, the cartoonists, from Hassall to 'Poy'? What about the influx of dancers from Russia, Poland, and the East? Why, it is a Golconda, and—"

"And," cried the hotel manager, carried away by my *fata morgana*, "bring me the man who will harness this current, and I will give you hospitality, light, and the flowing bowl. Yes; it might be a gold-mine, with the Upper Ten and Bohemia flocking to it like Klondike. But bring me the man."

"Ah, there you have me, *mon pauvre ami*. If I had the man, I could bring him to you at once; but it is not a task to be undertaken by Tom, Dick, or Harry. He must be an artist, he must be a man of the world, he must be a business-man, he must have a name to command confidence, for our poets and our minstrels will not again be drawn to associate themselves with any project of

the kind that fails to gauge aright the needs of its public. Frankly, I have not found the man, but I will tell you what I will do. I will sound the bugle in *The Illustrated London News*, and invite those who feel that they are made of the stuff to lead a cabaret to hand in their names and their credentials. If I spot the right man for the place, I will bring him to you. Will you be the man of your word?"

"Parole d'honneur!" he said. "If you will bring me the man, I pledge myself to open the cabaret whenever you like at the Hotel— But no, you must not give the name of the hotel until you have the man."

Once more, here is a rare chance for one of the young generation.

You know that in France there exists a law which entitles a man to respond to criticism in exactly double the space in which he has been criticised. Thank goodness! we have not come to that in England yet. But with our neighbours the law is enforced with ruthless energy, as the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—still the most interesting revue in the world—learned to its cost. Recently it published a rather scathing article on a translation of an *Æschylus* play by two authors. The collaborators furiously claimed the "right to reply." The *Revue* demurred—hence action. Judgment

was given in favour of the plaintiffs, and this is its effect. The *Revue* criticism contained 201 lines; as there were two collaborators, each of them had a right to 402 lines, and if *Æschylus* had not been gathered long ago among the souls of the Pantheon, he too would have been entitled to 402 lines! It well-nigh makes criticism impossible. Fancy if every playwright and actor were to refute our



MAKING A CONSIDERABLE "HIT": MISS JEAN STIRLING AS THE GRAND DUCHESS ANNA PAVLOVNA. IN "SYBIL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

"notices," as dramatic criticism is elegantly called in this country, at double space—why, in the days of the great Clement Scott, who dashed off a column and a half of the *Daily Telegraph* in an hour, it would mean nearly half a page of that journal! No, says a well-known writer, if things are allowed to remain as they are, criticism in future will have to be in this form—

Mr. X. has just produced at the—Theatre a new piece of which I decline to give title or plot. This piece is no good.

He cannot reply to that, according to the law, because he is not named. On the other hand, suppose I had named and praised him—or any actor—what prevents him from claiming double space in "right to reply" because I did not praise him sufficiently? Why, the whole business is too ludicrous for words. And so say all of us!



THE COMIC ELEMENT IN "SYBIL," AT DALY'S THEATRE: MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT AS POIRE, THE IMPRESARIO, AND MISS MAY BEATTY AS MARGOT, HIS WIFE.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

London people. She had, indeed, a promising committee at her side, but she would not let it "commit" itself to any extent. She would have her own way, and she attracted the wrong sort of talent. Its programme was, between flashes of real art in minstrelsy and dancing, something not much better than that of a "beuglant" in Montmartre—the oddest people with the oddest manners exhibited, in the name of cabaret, words and acts which might be deemed offensive when they were not ludicrous. The place became the haunt of that peculiar world of pleasure which loves the bizarre, and dotes upon the eccentric. There were sometimes wild "ragging" scenes, and, despite high prices for supper and refreshments, it generally happened that feasting went on till dawn. So things continued, but the end was bound to come, although the scheme might have succeeded if conducted on the right lines. Finally, this haunt of misguided joy returned to its pristine respectability as a warehouse.

Thus ended the lamentable story of a London Cabaret, and the blow has stunned other feeble attempts at revival ever since, because those who took the idea in hand had no notion of the real *raison d'être* of the art of the modern troubadour. Yet it is a great and fine art when rightly understood. As I write, all France is ringing with the praise of a little volume of cabaret poetry by Raoul Ponchon: all the youth of France is quoting refrains from his war songs, his folklore, his love lyrics, his little rhapsodies and elegies of the people from the Luxembourg to the backwash of La Villette and the Halles. And Raoul Ponchon is but one of a band of singers, albeit that now by acclamation he is crowned as their laureate. All the young musicians, all the young poets, are proud to be heard on the little stages of tiny theatres in the luminous city, for they know that they are spring-boards of fame; they know that the Thespian car climbs from small beginnings; they know that



THE HEROINE AND CHIEF ATTRACTION OF "SYBIL": MISS JOSE COLLINS AS SYBIL RENAUD, WITH MR. LEONARD MACKAY AS THE GOVERNOR. [Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

A PRE-CONFERENCE PARTY: THE PREMIER'S GUESTS AT CHEQUERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND L.N.A.



"PREPARED FOR ALL CONTINGENCIES": (L. TO R.) MARSHAL FOCH, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, AND M. BRIAND (THE FRENCH PREMIER), AT CHEQUERS.



THE DISTAFF SIDE AT CHEQUERS: (L. TO R.) MME. BERTHELOT, MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, AND LADY GREENWOOD.



THE SECOND FRENCH DELEGATE AT CHEQUERS: M. PHILIPPE BERTHELOT; WITH HIS WIFE.



AN ENTENTE "CONFERENCE": MARSHAL FOCH AND MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE.



THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND AND HIS WIFE: SIR HAMAR AND LADY GREENWOOD.



THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO BERLIN: LORD D'ABERNON (LEFT), WITH SIR PHILIP SASSOON AND M. AND MME. BERTHELOT.



STUDIES IN ENTENTE EXPRESSIONS: (L. TO R.) MR. LLOYD GEORGE, MARSHAL FOCH, M. BRIAND, AND SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD.

Chequers, the Premier's new official country residence in the Chiltern Hills, has definitely entered on its political career as the scene of important gatherings. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George entertained a distinguished house-party during the week-end, February 26-28, prior to the discussion of the reparation question with the German delegates to the London Conference. The party included Marshal Foch, who arrived on Sunday, the 27th; M. Briand, the French Premier; M. Philippe Berthelot, Secretary-General of the French Foreign Office and recently raised to Ambassadorial rank, the second French delegate to the Conference, with

Mme. Berthelot; General Weygand, Marshal Foch's right-hand man; Lord D'Abernon, British Ambassador to Berlin; Sir Hamar and Lady Greenwood; and Sir Philip Sassoon. It was reported that Marshal Foch was summoned to London for the Conference at Mr. Lloyd George's suggestion. Although no formal conference took place at Chequers, the French and British leaders were able to discuss quietly the great questions they had to decide in London, and Mr. Lloyd George, when asked for a statement there, replied that it was permissible to say that "we are prepared for all contingencies."

LADIES' NEWS.

OUR fashion-scheme for the coming months is being rather more quickly developed than usual. We are seeing dresses, coats, and hats, simultaneously, instead of going head-foremost into spring clothing, and looking as if we had not the courage of our opinions sufficiently to be thorough. Doubtless there is to be wide choice for us, and very charming choice, too. If we choose short skirts, we shall not do wrong, but they must be narrower than ever. If we choose longer skirts, we shall be all right, but they must be wide, even a little distended. With all this license, there are yet laws, which, like those of the Medes and Persians, may not be broken without seriously antedating our new clothes.

To me it seems that some of the smaller hats for the coming campaign might be extra-ornamental dish-cloths; so unconventionally are they treated as Eastern turbans, bandages, pirates' caps, harlequins' caps, anything! The point is they must have some extraneous trimming. Instead of upstanding, it must fall over a shoulder, or down at the back, or stick out at the sides, or lie along the sides. It may be feather or fringe, or monkey fur or horse-hair, or lots of other unlikely things, but it must be the conspicuous feature of the modest-sized hat.

Fifty per cent. off summer prices looks good from the purchaser's point of view. When it is that point of reduction in the beautiful linen supplied by Robinson and Cleaver, it seems almost too good to be true. A White Sale is now proceeding at this firm's Linen Hall in Regent Street, and reductions to that amount are being made in almost all departments. Flax is lower in price now, but is still scarce, and will pretty surely rise again. This, therefore, is the time to buy Robinson and Cleaver's own make of high-class Irish linen. The sale will last another week.

Hunger is said to be the best sauce. I know a better. It bears a charmed name—"The Pythley Hunt Sauce." It can be had from all grocers and Italian warehousemen. The recipe, held exclusively by Reynard and Co., Liverpool, is of early-Victorian origin. It was lost to the public for a long time, and is now reintroduced, to the great pleasure of the gastronomical expert, and of the plain man and woman who enjoy a delightful combination of piquant flavours and rich condiments.

There will be one of the very popular sales of work at the Duchess of Somerset's house, 35, Grosvenor Square, on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 8 and 9, in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London, which supply well-cooked and nutritious food to

poor folk in their own homes, often between discharge from hospital and return to work, and for other well-known good causes. It is a good sale, at which many things not found in shops are sold at quite moderate prices. Queen Alexandra is much



A SMART AFTERNOON FROCK.

A brown duvetyn bodice with a lace vest, and a skirt of brown charmeuse with knife-pleated chiffon ruffles; the girdle is of gold brocade ribbon. The dress comes from George Bernard.

Photograph by Shepstone.

interested, and usually attends it and makes many purchases. Easter eggs will be a feature on the flower-stall. At these sales, her Grace of Somerset is always supported by many ladies of light and leading. Admission is only half-a-crown, and everyone is made most welcome.

A. E. L.

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

NOT long ago I had a conversation with an American business man just back from Berlin, who was visiting Europe for the first time since the great war. His impressions of the three capitals he had visited—namely, London, Paris and Berlin—were extremely interesting, and, for various reasons, gave one considerable food for reflection.

London, he said, was crying poverty, trade was very bad, and everybody he met was talking economy. The Government's wastefulness was the main topic of conversation, and the general impression he brought away was that of a country passing through a grave economic crisis. Arrived in Paris, the same depressing story was to be heard on all sides, and behind the brilliant lights of the Boulevards, and the "window-dressing" of the smart restaurants, there was no disguising the serious fact that the country is in a bad way financially, and that economy is once again, as in London, the cry of the day.

From Paris my friend went on to Berlin, from whence he has just returned with strange impressions of that city, the capital of the country conquered, at such a sacrifice of human lives and unlimited money, by the Allies. Never, he says, has he seen such luxury, such gaiety, or such prosperity; here at last is a flourishing town; no talk of poverty or retrenchment. No thought of the bill that has eventually to be met for those five years of devastation is allowed to stem the tide of gaiety or deprive the citizens of one single luxury. The effect on the visitor is quite extraordinary!

The net result of this European tour will be to send our American friend back to his country with the singular impression that the only prosperous country is that of the vanquished nation—surely a strange anomaly. And yet, supposing someone long dead were to come to life to-day, and, hearing for the first time of the Great European War, should ask to be shown some proof of the victory over Germany claimed by the Allies, what, for instance, could one point to here in Paris to prove the truth of the statement?

Nowhere in this country can we turn for proof of our hard-won Victory; rather must we journey to the Frontier, where the ravages of war cease with startling abruptness, and travel through the untouched enemy country to the banks of the Rhine, where at last we can point to our Armies of Occupation as final evidence that we are indeed the victors we claim to be.

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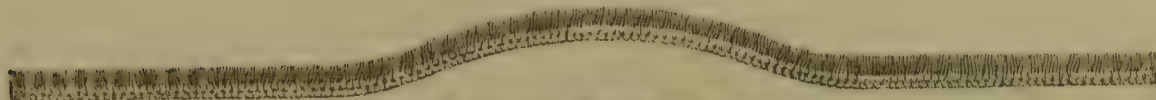
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS.

THE experiments of Dr. Augustus Waller at the Royal Institution last month left nothing to be desired on the ground of clearness. Starting with the hypothesis that the emotions of the mind can be detected by the lessening of the electrical resistance of the skin of the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, he proceeded to put an assistant, whom he pronounced to be perfectly normal in this respect, into a chair in sight of the audience and to connect electrified metal plates held in the hands with two Wheatstone bridges and a galvanometer in such a way as to produce a perfect balance. When the patient was subjected to an actual or threatened prick with a pin, the resistance was lowered, the balance disturbed, and the spot of light thrown by the mirror of the galvanometer on the screen moved along the scale accordingly. This new form of what has been irreverently called "spot-hunting" pleased the audience enormously.

Dr. Waller, during the brief hour allotted to him, had probably no time to explain the details of the phenomenon, and one is, therefore, thrown back on one's own unaided intelligence for an explanation of the physical part of the process. It seems, however, that the most obvious explanation of what occurred is that fear, with most persons, produces a more or less slight perspiration of sensitive surfaces like the palms of the hands, and thus, by increasing the conductive power of the skin, diminishes correspondingly the resistance to the current. It is not surprising to find that individuals differ considerably in this respect, and Dr. Waller went so far as to divide mankind into the three classes of normal, "imaginatives," and sensitives respectively, in which last category he included spiritualistic mediums. Somewhat unexpectedly, he seems to have measured the extent of the reaction in these classes, not, as one would have expected, by the extent of the deflection produced on the galvanometer scale, but by the part of the body on which it manifested itself. Thus, he said, with highly sensitive persons, the mirror was deflected when the conducting plate was applied to the arm or the upper part of the leg instead of to the palm or sole, and so on.

The authority of Dr. Waller, who is, among other things, Director of the Physiological Laboratory of London University, stands so high that one hardly dares to offer any criticisms on these experiments; but a thing that struck one on witnessing them was that only one emotion, i.e., fear, was experimented with. This was, no doubt, due in part to the difficulty of producing any other in a satisfactory way before

a large and enthusiastic audience; but it must be owned that it would have been more convincing if some other could have been used, if only by way of control. Fear is perhaps the most primitive, and certainly the most easily manifested, of all human emotions, but there are many others, such as joy, grief, anger, doubt and pity, which play a more important part in the life of civilized



UNVEILED BY THE LORD MAYOR: THE NEW PANEL IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE—"THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE SECOND ROYAL EXCHANGE" (1838), BY STANHOPE FORBES, R.A.

The panel, which was unveiled by the Lord Mayor in the Ambulatory of the Royal Exchange on February 23, is the gift of the Royal Exchange Assurance in commemoration of its Bi-centenary. The picture shows the scene in Cornhill during the burning of the second Royal Exchange, on the night of January 10, 1838. The present building was opened by Queen Victoria six years later. The first Royal Exchange, opened in 1569, was burnt in the Great Fire of 1666.

man, and it would be most instructive to see how Dr. Waller's apparatus would respond to these. It is not for a mere layman in such matters to suggest methods to so experienced an experimenter as Dr. Waller, but the alternate presentation of a real and fictitious demand for income-tax might at the present crisis be sufficient to produce all these emotions in turn.

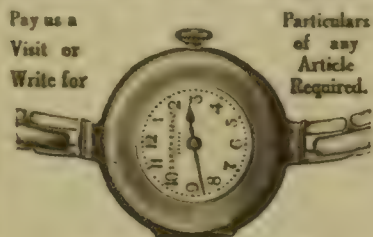
This apart, however, there can be no doubt of the extreme importance of the discovery, if the emotions can be tested and measured as is now suggested. It will, in the first place, go a long way to remove the barrier, for a long time tottering, which our ancestors set up between physics and metaphysics, or, more popularly, between the seen and the unseen. That some of the emotions, when sufficiently accentuated, translate themselves into external action by trembling, stuttering, and so on is, of course, an everyday experience; but if all of them could be made to do so in a detectable way, we should be a long step nearer to the Palace of Truth. Not only could the malingerer, as Dr. Waller himself suggested, be found out and made to work, but the method might be used for the detection of suspect criminals, and in time, perhaps, might come to add another terror to cross-examination in Courts of Law. But from this to the investigation of the physical causes of emotion we shall probably not have far to go, and we might then obtain a further insight into the workings of the brain, of which Señor Ramon y Cajal's discovery of the neurone afforded us a first glimpse. We might even go further, and do something towards clearing up the hitherto unexplained difference between the brain of man and that of the lower animals. Why, for instance, should the first dawning of anger in the brain of a dog cause the hair of his neck to lift perceptibly, while in the human being it would only be shown by the tightening of the muscles of the lips and a certain intentness of the eyes? Yet this is only one specimen of the problems to which Dr. Waller's experiments might seem to suggest a solution.—F. L.

Messrs. Berger's advice to householders to "Paint Now," instead of waiting for the spring, would benefit others besides themselves. For one thing, it would, as they justly claim, help to reduce unemployment. They also point out that labour and material would be cheaper now than later on, while better results would be obtained during the absence, at this time of year, of dust, flies, and blistering sun. Messrs. Lewis Berger and Sons, Ltd., of Homerton, London, E.9, are the well-known makers of Berger Paints, including colours, enamels, and varnishes. They offer free colour schemes to suit data submitted by bona-fide decorators.

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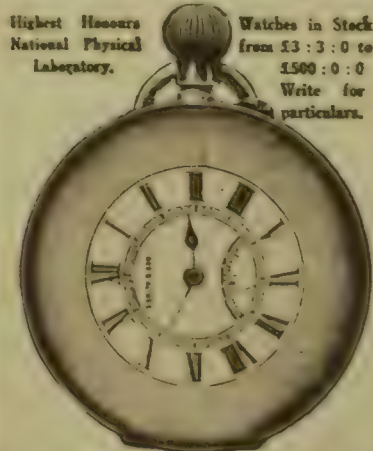
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the only way to be sure
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Quarterly Car Licenses. It has been notified by the Ministry of Transport that renewals of quarterly car licenses will be obtainable on filling up a short form at any Money Order Office within the area in which the car is usually kept. Arrangements are being made so that these renewal licenses can be taken out within any period from March 10 onward. Where no license has been obtained for the period Jan. 1—March 24, application must be made to the County Council or County Borough Council within whose jurisdiction the car-owner lives.

It looks as though some of us would be able to obtain license renewals before the original license is issued at all! The organisation of the licensing authorities appears to have completely broken down, since there are many motorists who paid their tax during January and are still awaiting the license which was to follow by post. The Ministry of Transport granted a further period of grace—thus again making a virtue of necessity—regarding the display of the ticket-of-leave until the 14th instant.



INDIAN ROYAL "VEHICLES" OLD AND NEW: A SUNBEAM CAR AND THE STATE ELEPHANTS, BELONGING TO THE MAHARAJAH OF TRAVANCORE.

I have not heard of any extension of this period, though, as I have said, there are still thousands of car-owners who have not seen their bits of blue paper. At the moment of writing my own has not arrived, and I am wondering what is going to happen

if some of those who, through the failure of the licensing arrangements, are not able to comply with the law should chance to receive summonses for their default. Is it certain that the Ministry of Transport has power to instruct the police not to prosecute under its own Order, once that has been issued, and has become practically the law? And what happens if one should be convicted and fined for failing to show the license one does not possess? Is there a remedy against the licensing authority, that is really the offender? It seems to me that there is only one certainty about the business, and that is that the Ministry of Transport need not have been in such an indecent hurry to get its powers.

A Fuel Economy Test.

At the suggestion of the *Motor Owner*, which is providing substantial prizes, the Royal Automobile Club will shortly carry out a series of very interesting fuel economy tests. The intention is that on one day a series of exactly similar tests will be carried out in various districts. The test will be one purely of economy, and, while the prime idea is to encourage the economical adjustment of an existing carburettor, any form of appliance or accessory which, being fitted to a car, achieves economy, will not be debarred from the test. The Club has not, of course, lost sight of the fact that by fitting an expensive accessory it might be possible to achieve a monetary economy which might be less in value than the cost of fitting the accessory, and, consequently, the Committee of the Club, when making the awards, will take into consideration the outlay involved in achieving the results attained.

This seems to be a very timely and necessary test. Motor fuel, petrol and benzole alike, costs a great deal of money nowadays—much more than is justified by the costs of production and distribution. We are in the hands of a monopoly, and the only way we can get even at all is by using less fuel. I am perfectly certain that there is not one car in fifty which is giving its maximum possible fuel economy. Taking a line through my own car, by careful adjustment of the carburettor and by the fitting and judicious use of a



WITH A 25-30-H.P. CROSSLEY LANDAULETTE IN THE FOREGROUND: POINT DUTY IN WATERLOO PLACE — A NEW CROSSLEY POSTER BY MR BALLIOL SALMON.

Bowden air inlet, I can obtain an average consumption on tour of forty miles to the gallon, which is not bad for an 11'0. The general consumption of cars of the same type and make is, so far as my own observation goes, about thirty-two miles per gallon. Obviously, if I can get eight more miles per gallon than the average, it argues that the latter is too low, and that an all-round improvement in consumption could be made if owners would only take the trouble to study carburettor adjustment more. The *Motor Owner* deserves the thanks of the motoring community for its idea.—W. W.

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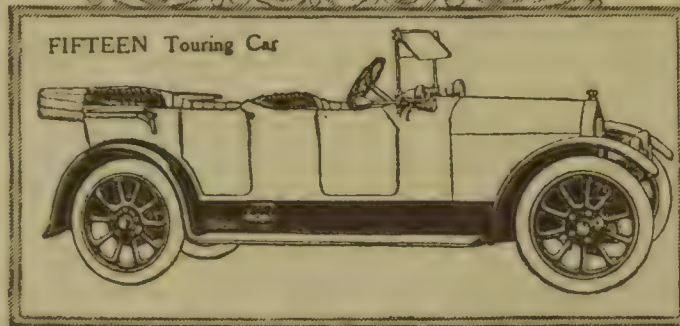
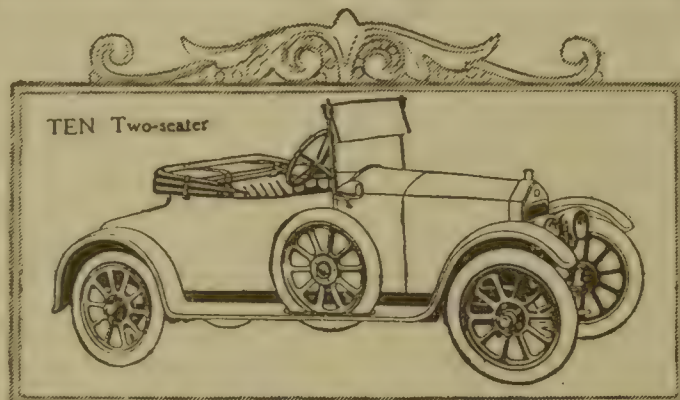
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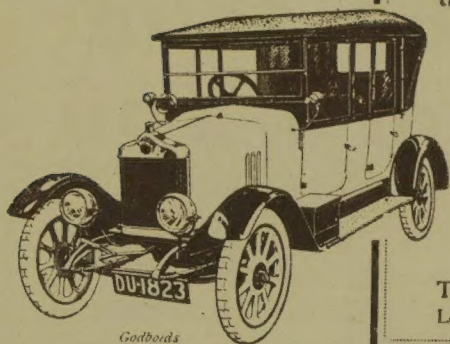
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AFTER taking into consideration the present cost of production and any anticipated savings during the coming season, it has been decided to revise the price of the 11'6 Standard Light Car as follows:

4-Seater	£610
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These prices come into operation forthwith. Under present conditions the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., see no possibility of any further reduction in price.

The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry.
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Crossley

THE manufacturers of Crossley Cars are accustomed to receiving letters of appreciation from Crossley owners. The one reproduced below is typical. It is in long and satisfactory service that the Crossley car excels. The original letter is available for examination

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Crossley Motors Ltd., Manchester.

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Some few months ago I mentioned the fact that, although I had been running for over twelve months, I had not had a stop on the car.

A few weeks after seeing you, I had a slight accident which involved a stoppage, which was no fault of the car, but was a slight error of judgment on someone's part, not mine, I believe.

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The fact that I run my car every day in all weathers, and have done so for nineteen months, is, I think, a very wonderful performance, and is highly creditable to your car, both as regards design, material, and workmanship, and I congratulate you on such a splendid product.

I am, Yours faithfully,

J. HIGGINSON.

P.S.—I think I may add it is the most reliable car I have had for years.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A SOCIAL CONVENIENCE." AT THE ROYALTY.

TWO acts of genuine comedy, in which the dialogue is kept consistently and as it were spontaneously witty, and the humour of the situations proves as telling as the wit, are all too rare a thing in the theatre not to be accepted with gratitude when provided as in Captain Harwood's new piece at the Royalty, "A Social Convenience," no matter what may come afterwards. A dramatist who thus legitimately for upwards of an hour evokes from his audience peals of delighted laughter is too much of a public benefactor to be reproached because he does not follow his stroke through, and about half-way in his story changes its key and plays for safety. Half a comedy is better, vastly better, than none at all. Yet there can be no harm in telling Mr. Harwood that his forte is the comic, and that his weakness is sentimentality. His idea of the gentleman co-respondent hired to deputise for a politician who does not mind robbing a friend of his wife, but objects to damaging his career by a scandal, makes an exceedingly happy start, and no less promising is the development which shows the married woman in question finding the deputy more

attractive than his owlish principal. But with the appearance on the scene of an ingénue who falls in love with the stranger, and mars the tableau in which he arranges to compromise himself with his host's wife, there enters a complication which has tempted the author into deserting comedy for the sake of a sentimental ending. Mr. Dennis Eadie is delightfully easy as the hired co-respondent, but looks too much a man of the world to have been fascinated by Miss Stella Jesse's childish, amateurish ingénue. Mr. Nigel Playfair gives a droll thumbnail sketch of the head of a divorce agency; Mr. Hubert Harben's politician strikes just the right note of priggishness; and Miss Hilda Moore, in the rôle of the wife, if rather wooden in her elocution, conveys successfully enough the impression of neurotic unrest.

"THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW." AT THE GARRICK.

It is better to be frank with the clever author of "General Post," and assure him straight away that he has tried to do the impossible in his new Garrick play, "The Fulfilling of the Law," for Mr. Harold Terry is sufficiently young and has had sufficient success to be able to bear the truth. His leading

actors, to be sure, do wonders with their material. Miss Constance Collier puts colour and burlesque vivacity into the part of a sort of adventuress heroine; Miss Mary Rorke gives us a refreshing picture of warm-hearted motherhood, though a little uncertain in her Irish accent; Miss Dorothy Tweedy makes much of the humours of a Welsh maid; and Mr. Arthur Wontner struggles gallantly with the self-made troubles of a marionette who is half-quixote, half-cad. But even their skill cannot secure acceptance for a preposterous plot. For what reasonable person can stomach for a moment the crazy chivalry of Sir Brian Dobree? Having won a married woman's affection, he calmly tells her of his indifference to her, and of his plot against her to make her husband and her rival happy. Incredible as is his brutality towards one woman to help another, one could almost have forgiven him this if, in agreeing to marry Mrs. Avenell, he had not maintained his martyr air and had recognised even so late that she was worth all her stage companions put together, were it only for her sense of humour. Miss Collier brought out engagingly—nay, fascinatingly—that side of her, and so, thanks to her and her colleagues' acting, the *première* was not without its compensations.

The PYTCHLEY HUNT SAUCE

The sauce which makes a good dinner perfect



"What's different with the dinner to-night, dear? There's an appetising touch which is good."

"I was wondering whether you'd notice anything. It is all due to
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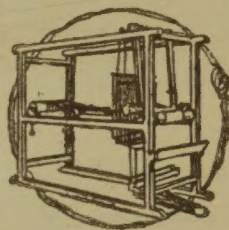
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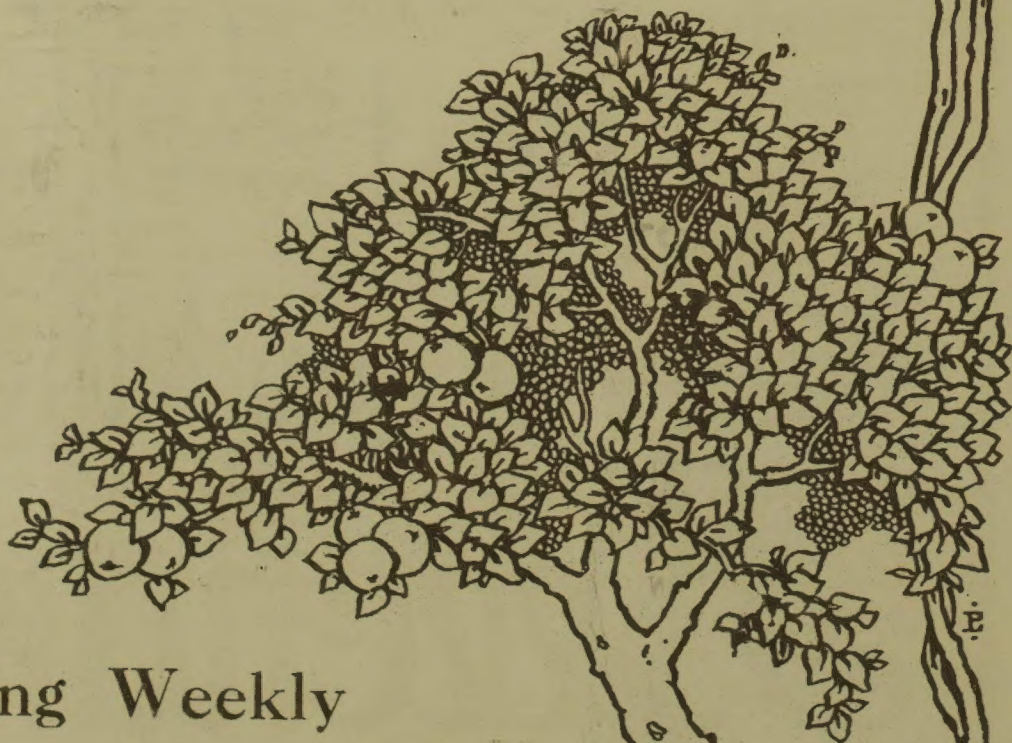
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